No More Fairer: a set of poetry

(by David Richard)

This is a set of poetry written a few years earlier.

The reason I'm self-publishing it now, because of the discovery of the journey my life followed, and now I have to take a new turn. Read my blog, davidrichardindividual.blogspot.com.

I. Listen my daughter

II. Women, you are Woman

III. No more fairer you get

IV. Men go on top

V. Words of mouth

VI. In search of what

VII. A woman of a tribe in love

Listen my daughter

You’re not my son

I’m blessed there;

Listen to your father

What I’m going to tell

Only you can understand;

Daughter I’ve never carried

false pride or white skin,

On flesh or inside this mind;

Burned up this flesh

walking by,

Short stature

and roof been this sky;

Walked upon this feet

all that many miles;

To see what surrounds the least

To listen what it speaks;

Seen the lies

And then the lies,

And then the majesty in all the lies;

Story of men all there I've seen
What to say for truth,
all our temples helped to resist;

Gone hungry many a times,
Food never fed my belly no better
than hunger feeds my soul alright;

Humble I've been,
and being humble I've seen;
What seem so truthful,
hides thousand lies
and one truth;

I ventured all around—
In heavy boots and places barefoot;
Read all books and worshipped none
I can read all their faces;

All the same
with all the glory lay to waste;
My daughter
don't bear child of any of them;

They will build temple of their truth,

build so large and story all the truth;

My daughter,

truth of their existence you must not fulfill.

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Women, you are Woman

Mother may have told

But to father now you listen;

Great lover of poetry you are

But, Poets are all men

To whom to listen, to whom not;

They may have come traveled far

Talk of stars, moon and all;

They may come in grief

What in those mountains to miss;

They seen the rocks, plains and tress,

Critters beneath their feet

and birds many as to sky set no limit;

They have walked this land on feet,

Hardship of carrying this flesh on two,

jealousy for four-legged none the least;

Joy is the breathing this air

Knowing this flesh;

Thinking what thoughts to carry

and to keep;

At belly, weaker we've gotten by time

Definitely, not born to eat;

Lean body on short stature

balancing weight on two

dancing their way through;

They reaches far and beyond,

and one reaches higher ground.

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No more fairer you get,

being in sun or being in rain;

On land you cannot be at,

with clothes so clean on your chest;

White means naked

Colours are character,

Warmth needs soul

Colds are dead,

Kills the soul

For heart to sustain;

In search whom venture far or within,

comes with dirt, mud, and nature’s tannings;

Wisdom written to their faces,

visible in their gaits;

Hypocrites do not travel long,

turns back in vanity what for;

Glory out there they cannot see,

glory in their flesh owe to be;

Draping over some clean clothes,

Disgust around lips hidden with beards long;

Speaks of divine kind,

Images are theirs' are to shine;

In the image of God,

Image of man has come alive;

Women, animals, land,

All are tamed, for men to thrive;

Cold shivering they were raised,

Many petticoats they'd worn to save up their flesh;

Skin lost all its shades,

They were white men.

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Men go on top,

come back down learning;

Learning if they did right,

sinful they found every deed;

Mercy had those animals,

misery had given to us;

They seem to have the purpose,

what purpose we find to live;

Why are we and for what;—

Born with guilt, to hunt, to feed,

how can we say even to exist;

Finding existence is the fight,

for the very poorest soul of our kind;

To hunt, to feed, and this much guilt

we can’t bear;

We can’t bear our own weight

to the land with no means;

Through women we could survive,

our few very chosen kind;

Women are the bearer of land,

men who can bear this weight;

Who look to see, to think and feel;

Go to depth further than sea;

Who learned to know their own self,

Not born to occupy, to adore and maintain.

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Words of mouth,

so disgusting it sound;

Given to us,

not to other primates;

We speak so clean,

it can mean anything;

Evolved as we needed it,

needed it for what;

To share what we see,

knowledge and our understanding;

To speak what we'd seen beyond,

come along if follow one's believe;

To weave the canvas of society,

what makes us more divine;

Here you are and here we,

glory of mouth that we can say;

No predator there above us,

why in this great foodchain;

Glory there it is to see,

when we be the predator among us;

Enemy there animals see

if there’s threat to their life;

Enemy say and enemy you make a man be;

Life and liberty, all the wealth

Little food is all to sustain;

Look to see, to feel;

Venture within, that is all for you here.

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In search of what

you work so hard;

Find if stand still

all beneath your feet;

Don’t go round

laughable it seems;

If feel hungry

think of what to eat;

If not the fruit

then come to meat;

Trees must be all around,

around must be a World;

Humble there you must be,

Only then with eyes and ears

you will hear and learn to see.

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Heavy legs

Feet firmly placed

I, Woman, took seldom stand;

With rules, rituals and fears—

of all kinds;

I belong to a tribe,

that evolves more often with wars

than time;

But, Woman I feel,

carrying child of a man;

Man, a messenger, of far lands

—who I loved;

He journeyed me of all

the far lands—

through his words;

I love him

he loves me,

Appearance of me

he said, in this outlook

will be sculptured

for forever to be;

This child is not of a man—

of kind, feed to his belly full;

of fathers', forefathers', of man of men';

His father is—

as I dreamed in my dreams;

Slender, sleek forehead and cheeks,

lightly bearded and hairy the rest;

Owned nothing, occupy no lands

Rich in poverty, roamed his poor soul

Poor at heart, smile magnificently

even at his misfortune;

Survived the childhood in anger,

for anger he'd been trolled,

for seeing,

and for what he wasn't seeing;

He told his story of falling youth

Fallen he'd gone so in depth within his soul;

To a fallen, surrounds, come all the might;

In general, their shared commonality—

a very ordinary man and womankind;

To show generosity,

to pull one beyond;

He who sees,

let leave no horizon;

Gather up all hands and feet,

build temple here so large;

He who loved me,

taught me;

to stand upright,

to face the shoulder to the horizon,

bust stretch to rising sun;

In waiting of,

my man, his message, a story, and world beyond.

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